



image

47
JAN

DIGITAL
EDITION

COVER A

McFARLANE

SEGOVIA

GAY

RIBERIRO

THE SCORCHED



THE SCORCHED

image

47
JAN

DIGITAL
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COVER B

McFARLANE

SEGOVIA

GAY

RIBERIRO



THE SCORCHED®



SCRIPT/PLOT

TODD McFARLANE

ART

STEPHEN SEGOVIA (PAGES 1-10)

RAYMOND GAY (PAGES 11-20)

COLORS

DINEI RIBEIRO

LETTERING

ANDWORLD DESIGN

COVER ARTIST

BJÖRN BARENDS - COVER A

THADDEUS ROBECK - COVER B

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

TODD McFARLANE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

THOMAS HEALY

Publishing Coordinator
YVETTE ARTEAGA

Production Artists
IMANI DAVIS
ZABRIEL KENNEDY
RYAN KEIZER

Publisher for
Image Comics/
Chief Creative Officer
ERIC STEPHENSON

SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

PREVIOUSLY IN *THE SCORCHED*

An alien armada takes up position above the Earth.



"STANDING BY
FOR ORDERS,
GENERAL."



"MAINTAIN CLOAKING
SHIELDS THEN HAVE
BATTALIONS SIX AND
NINE ON ALERT..."



...SOME
HUMAN EXPERTS
SHOULD ALREADY KNOW
WE'RE HERE. THEIR HISTO-
RY, THOUGH, TELLS US
THEY'LL **BICKER** AMONGST
THEMSELVES BEFORE
TAKING ANY ACTIONS.
WE NEED NOT BE
CONCERNED
JUST YET.



AND
WHEN THEY
FINALLY DO DECIDE,
THEY WON'T BE
ABLE TO FIND OUR
POSITION. THEIR
CRUDE METHODS
HAVE ALWAYS MADE
THEM A **SIMPLE**
SPECIES.

EXTRACTING
THOSE WITH
THE **PROPER**
'BODY CHEMICALS'
IS OUR SOLE
MISSION.



ANY
DEVIATION, BY
ANY MEMBER OF
THIS SHIP, WILL NOT
BE TOLERATED. REPEAT
THAT MESSAGE TO
EVERYONE.

WHAT
HAPPENS IF
THE EARTHLINGS
TURN HOSTILE,
GENERAL?

THEY WILL,
AS WE'VE ALL
BEEN TRAINED. BUT
AS LONG AS THEIR
EFFORTS REMAIN FEEBLE,
WE DON'T ENGAGE.
WE FIND THE "FOUR
HUNDRED" WE
CAME FOR AND
LEAVE.

THEN WHY
READY THE
BATTALIONS?

TO
UNDERESTIMATE ANY
OPPONENT IS **HOW** MANY
CIVILIZATIONS BECAME
EXTINCT.

HE IS **BELGIC**, SUPREME GENERAL OF THE
NOMADIC **CHARTHIAN TRIBE**. HIS PEOPLE
HAVE PUT ALL THEIR HOPES INTO HIS
HANDS. THEIR **SURVIVAL** HINGES ON HIM.

HE DOES NOT WANT A CONFLICT
WITH EARTH, BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE,
HE WILL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO
CONTINUE HIS TRIBE'S EXISTENCE.



PLUS,
THIS PLANET IS
STRANGE IN THAT IT
HAS ALLOWED OTHERS
TO INVADE ITS
DOMAIN.

DEMONS
AND ANGELS.
THOSE ARE THE
WILDCARDS I'VE
PREPARED MY
BATTALIONS
FOR.



THEIR
HISTORY SAYS
THEY'LL NOT
LAY DOWN
QUIETLY.



GENERAL,
QUANTUM READINGS
SHOW A RECENT SURGE
IN PARANORMAL INTENSITY.
CALCULATIONS SHOW
A 40% INCREASE
IN HEAVENLY
INTERVENTION.



I'VE HEARD
THE HUMAN'S
GODS TEND TO EXERT
EXCESSIVE CONTROL
OVER THEIR FOLLOWERS.
THIS MIGHT GET A
BIT **MESSY**.



LUCKILY,
WE PLANTED
'SEEDS' ON THIS PLANET
HUNDREDS OF YEARS
AGO FOR MOMENTS
SUCH AS THIS.

PREPARE
THE PODS.

AS HIS SOLDIERS
OBEY THEIR
ORDERS, GENERAL
BELGIC SNARLS.



WONDERING
WHAT *TWISTED*
FATE GAVE
SOME OF THESE
BEINGS THE
ENZYMES HIS
PEOPLE NEED
TO LIVE.

SUPERIOR AS HIS RACE
MAY BE, A CRUEL FATE
INFLECTED THEM WITH THE
LACK OF LONGEVITY.

THIS MISSION MEANS TO
CORRECT THAT MISTAKE.

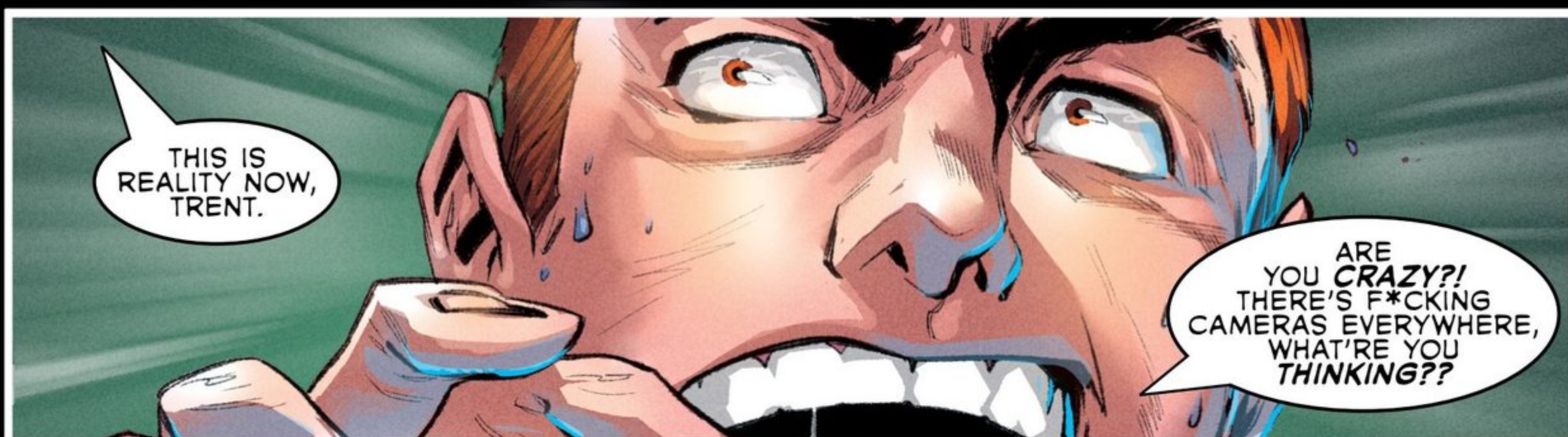


ELSEWHERE.
ON EARTH.

OTHERS ALSO
STRIVE TO FIND
A WAY TO EXIST.



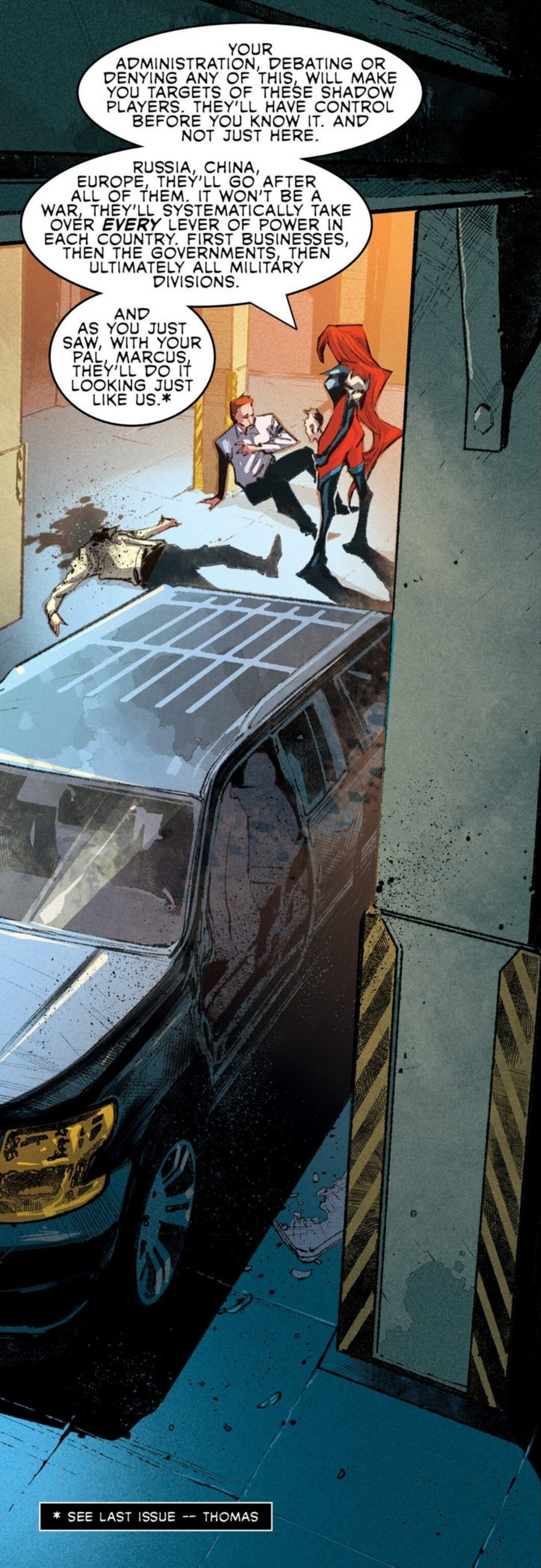
EVEN IF THE
ONLY WAY TO
DO THAT IS TO
BECOME AS
SAVAGE AS
THEIR ENEMIES.



YOUR ADMINISTRATION, DEBATING OR DENYING ANY OF THIS, WILL MAKE YOU TARGETS OF THESE SHADOW PLAYERS. THEY'LL HAVE CONTROL BEFORE YOU KNOW IT. AND NOT JUST HERE.

RUSSIA, CHINA, EUROPE, THEY'LL GO AFTER ALL OF THEM. IT WON'T BE A WAR, THEY'LL SYSTEMATICALLY TAKE OVER **EVERY** LEVER OF POWER IN EACH COUNTRY. FIRST BUSINESSES, THEN THE GOVERNMENTS, THEN ULTIMATELY ALL MILITARY DIVISIONS.

AND AS YOU JUST SAW, WITH YOUR PAL, MARCUS, THEY'LL DO IT LOOKING JUST LIKE US.*



THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME.

THEN TAKE THIS...

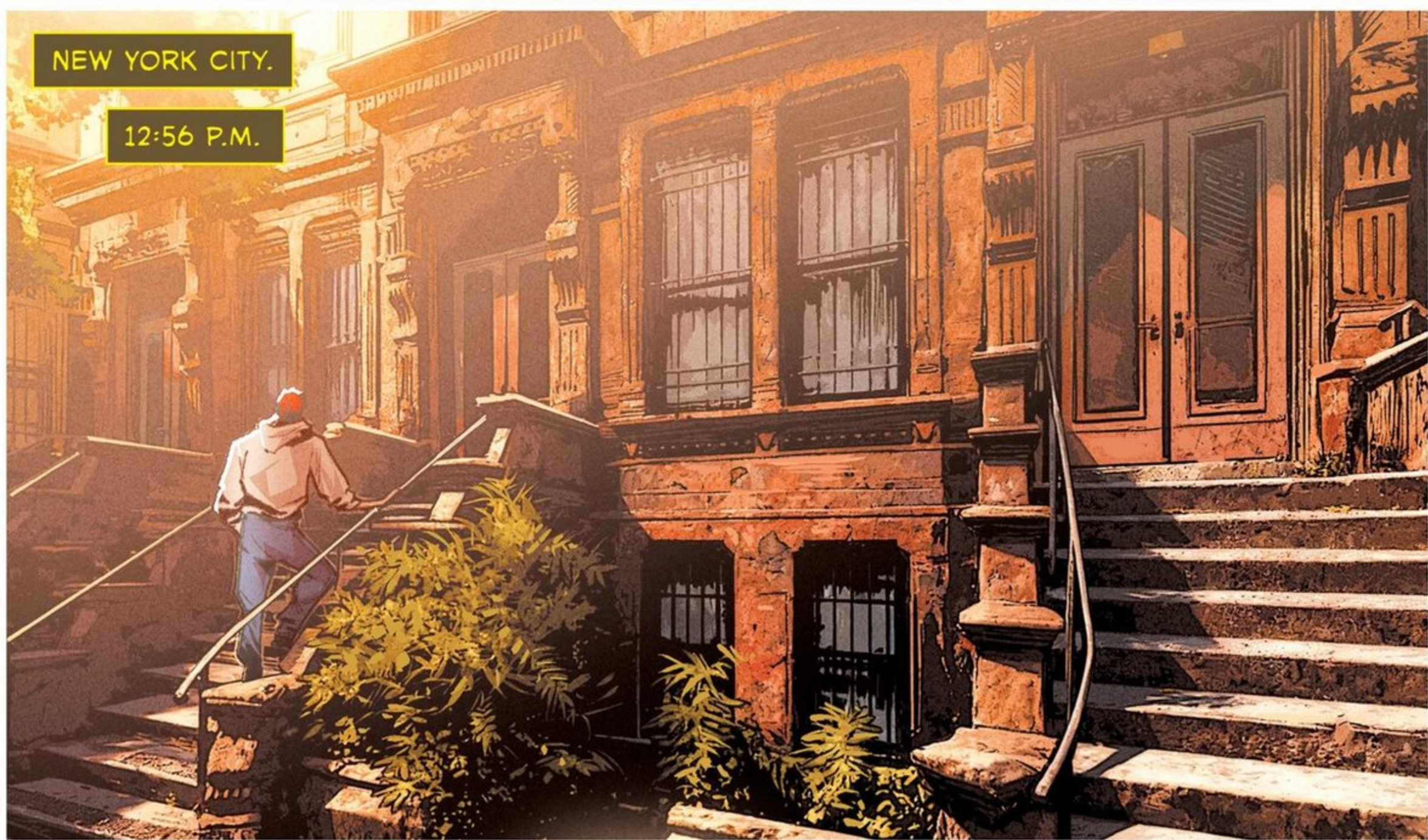


... RUN D.N.A. TESTS. THEY'LL BELIEVE YOU. THEN TELL THEM WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS. YOU **WANT** OUR PROTECTION.



NEW YORK CITY.

12:56 P.M.



AS HE NEARS HIS APARTMENT, HE NOTICES HIS DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR.



SIT DOWN, DANIEL.





I'M GOOD.

THEN AT LEAST CLOSE THE DOOR.



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

NO. BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL TELL ME.



MY NAME'S **MAMMON**, THOUGH THAT'S UNIMPORTANT RIGHT NOW BECAUSE THERE IS A HELL-SPAWN ABOUT TO CAUSE A MASS CASUALTY EVENT UNLESS IT IS CONTAINED. AND IT'S NOT SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW IT **NEEDS** CONTAINMENT. AND THOUGH I USUALLY DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU HUMANS, THERE'S A FEW PUZZLE PIECES I'M TRYING TO **ACQUIRE**.

IT'D BE A SHAME IF THEY WERE DEAD BEFORE I GOT TO THEM.

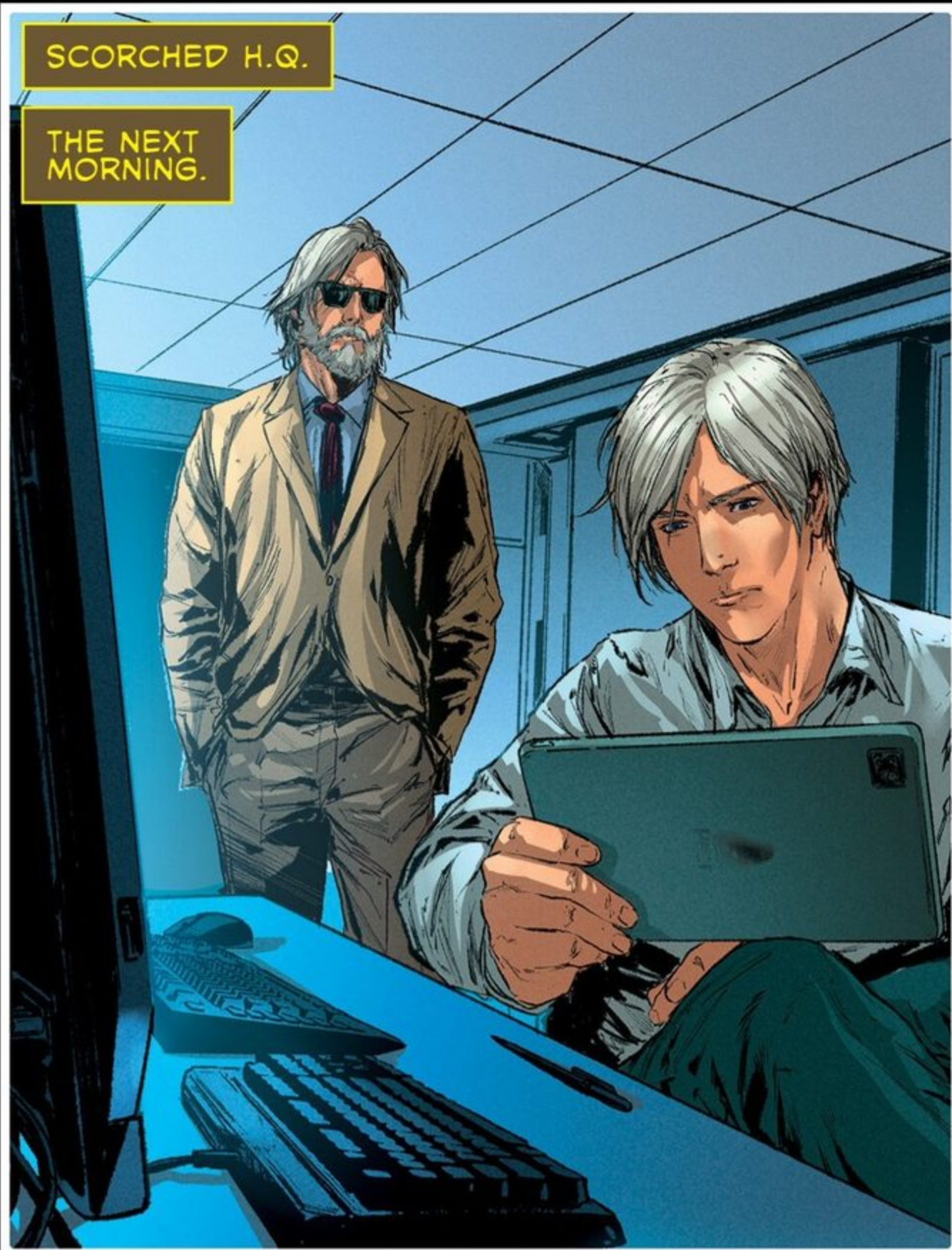


WHO'S TRYING TO KILL THEM?

NO ONE. BUT IF THAT HELLSPAWN UNLEASHES ITS POWER, TENS OF MILLIONS WILL DIE... IT'S CALLED **PLAGUE** SPAWN FOR A REASON.

SCORCHED H.Q.

THE NEXT MORNING.



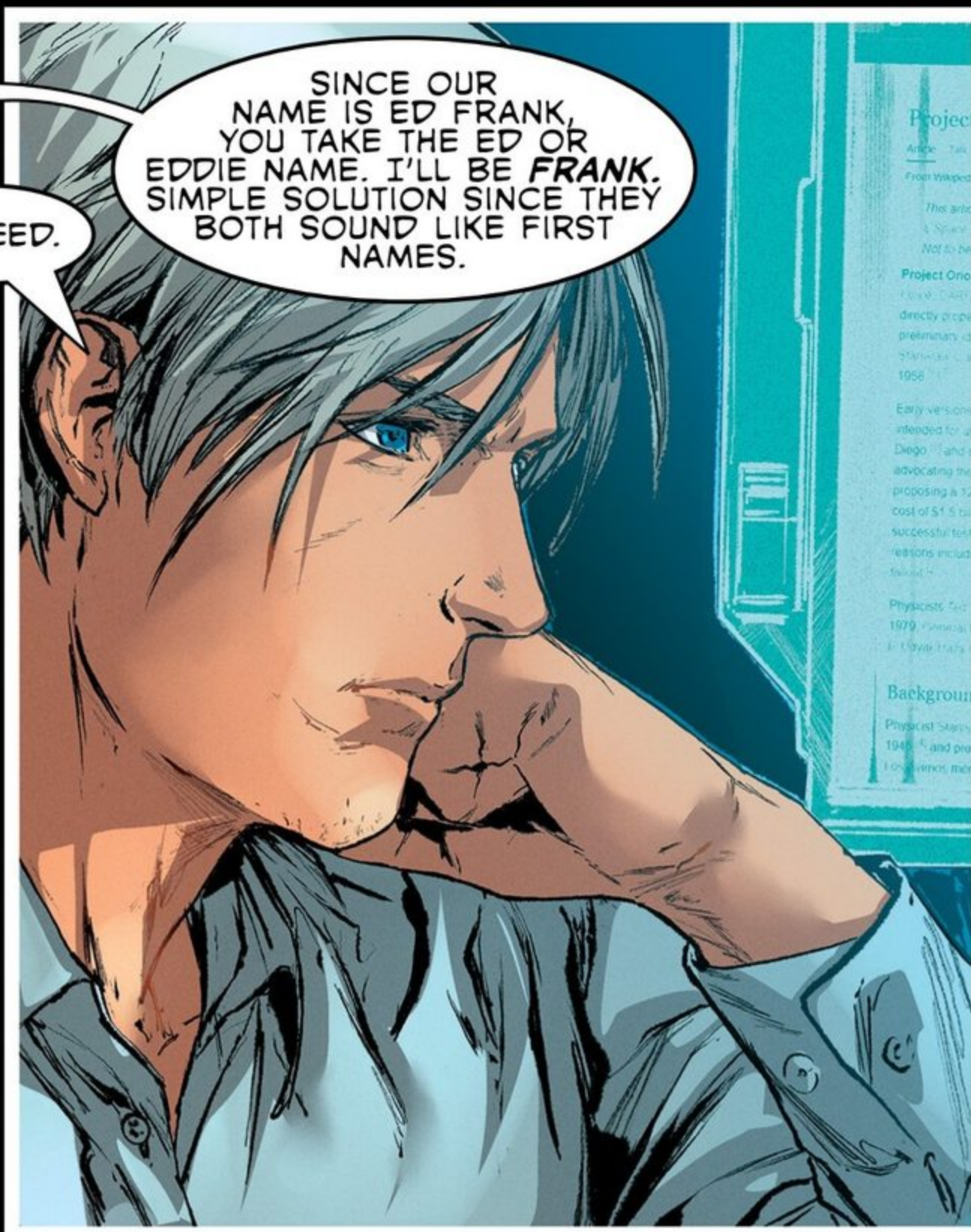
WE
NEED TO
TALK.



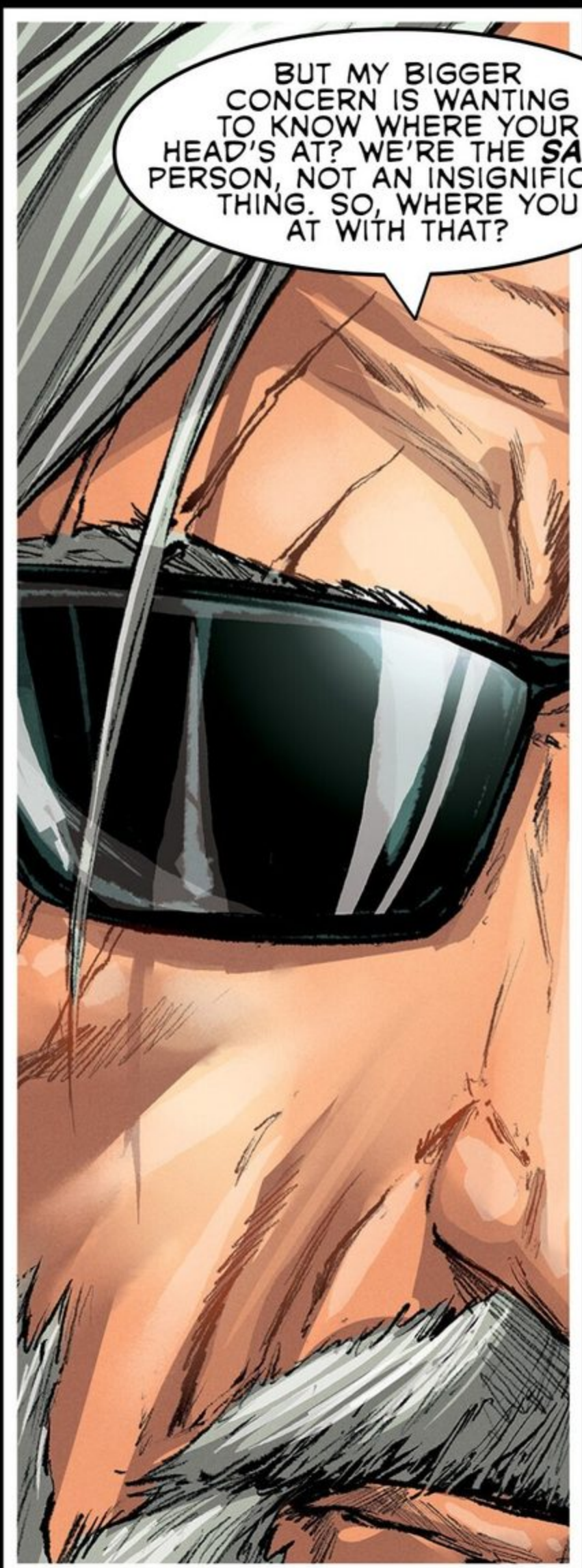


TO BEGIN WITH, WE **BOTH** CAN'T BE EDDIE. IT'S TOO CONFUSING.

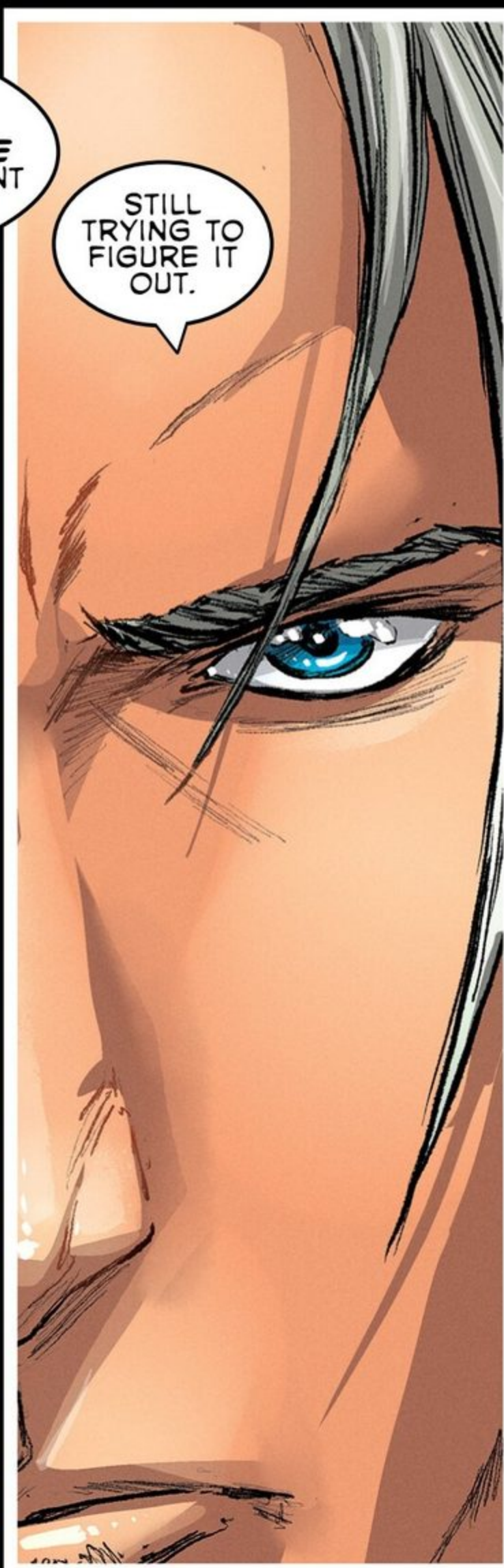
AGREED.



SINCE OUR NAME IS ED FRANK, YOU TAKE THE ED OR EDDIE NAME. I'LL BE **FRANK**. SIMPLE SOLUTION SINCE THEY BOTH SOUND LIKE FIRST NAMES.



BUT MY BIGGER CONCERN IS WANTING TO KNOW WHERE YOUR HEAD'S AT? WE'RE THE **SAME** PERSON, NOT AN INSIGNIFICANT THING. SO, WHERE YOU AT WITH THAT?

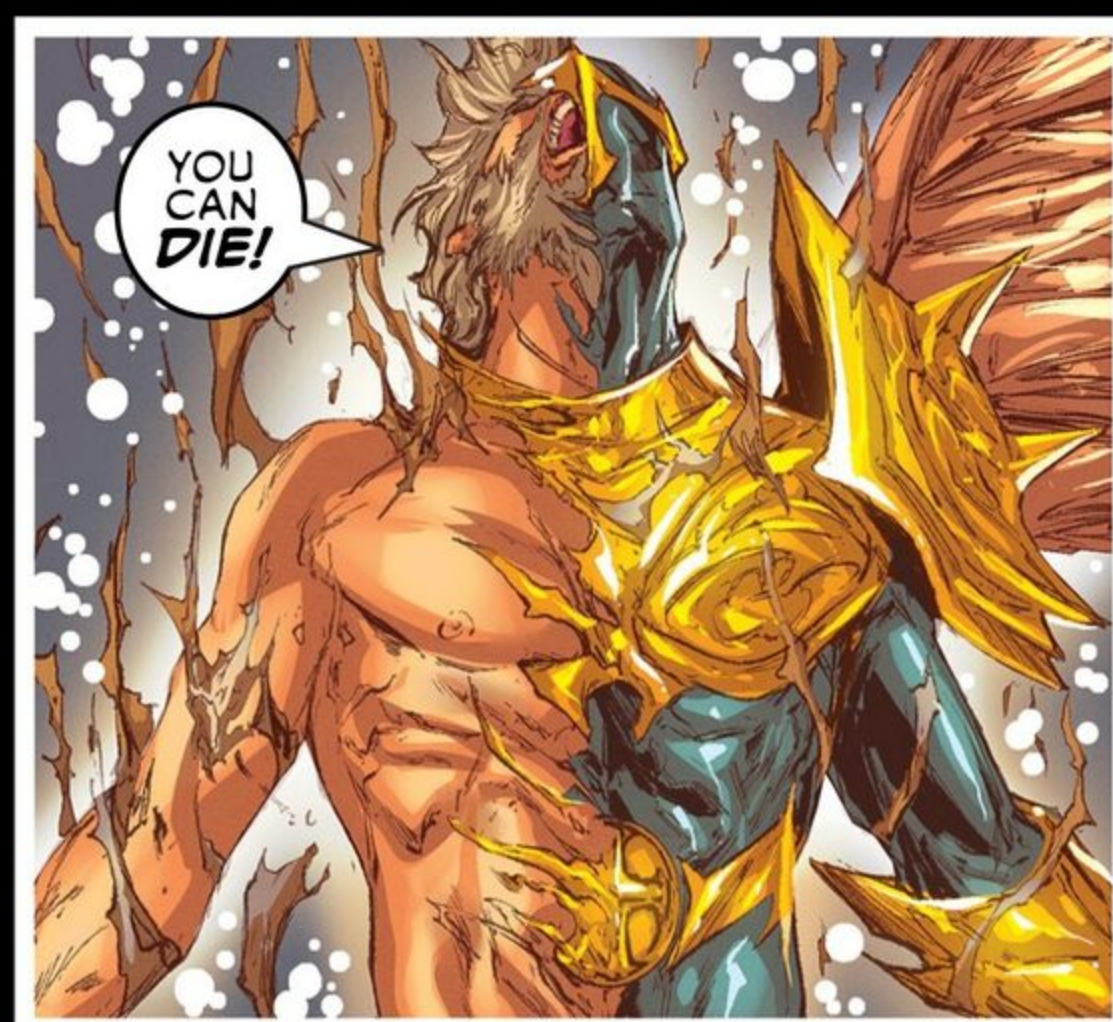


STILL TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT.



WHAT PARTS?

LIKE HOW WE CAN BOTH BE HERE AT THE SAME TIME. AND I WONDER IF YOU **ALREADY KNOW** EVERYTHING I'M ABOUT TO SAY?





BECAUSE
WE BOTH
HAVE MUCH TO
ACCOMPLISH
STILL.



LIKE
WHAT ARE
THOSE ANGELS
SO AFRAID
OF?

NEED
ME TO TAG
ALONG?



NO.
GET US
SOME DATA
THAT HELPS
US FIND
WHAT WE'RE
LOOKING
FOR.

SOUTHEAST
AFRICA.

WE'RE
STOPPING
HERE FOR THE
NIGHT?

YES.
I'LL SET UP
CAMP.



BUILD
A FIRE, I'M
GOING TO FIND
MORE FOOD
FOR OUR
TRAVELS.

BUT IT'S
GETTING
LATE.



I'LL BE
BACK, NO
MORE THAN TWO
HOURS FROM
NOW.

JINJU,
TAKE CARE
OF YOUR
MOTHER
WHILE I'M
GONE.

YES,
FATHER.

MOSQUITOS GNAW AT HIS SKIN AS HE PLOWS THROUGH THE THICK VEGETATION.



BUT FOR THE SOUND OF BIRDS, HE'S SEEN NOTHING. UNTIL...



SNAP



... FROM HIGH ABOVE, A WILD STORM OF BLACK TERROR DESCENDS UPON HIM!

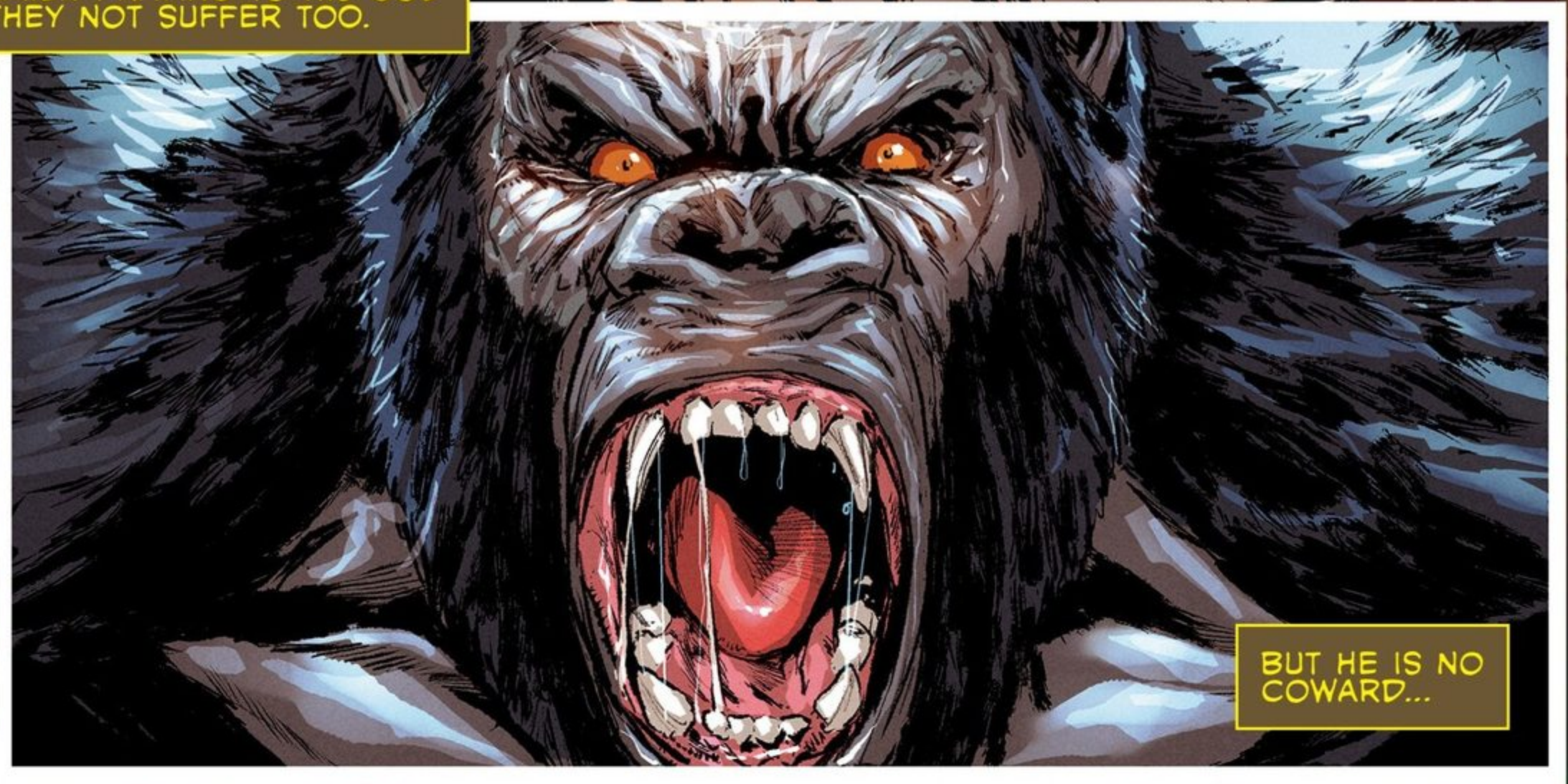




AND THOUGH THIS MAN, N'YAMBI ETEL, HAS HONED HIS SKILLS OVER THE PAST THREE DECADES, THREE **STARVED** GORILLAS, IN THE STATE OF MIND THEY ARE, COULD WIPE OUT A SMALL VILLAGE.



N'YAMBI NOW ONLY THINKS OF HIS FAMILY. PRAYING TO HIS GOD THAT THEY NOT SUFFER TOO.



BUT HE IS NO COWARD...



... AND IF HE IS TO DIE THIS NIGHT, THEN HE WILL GET A FEW STRIKES IN HIMSELF.

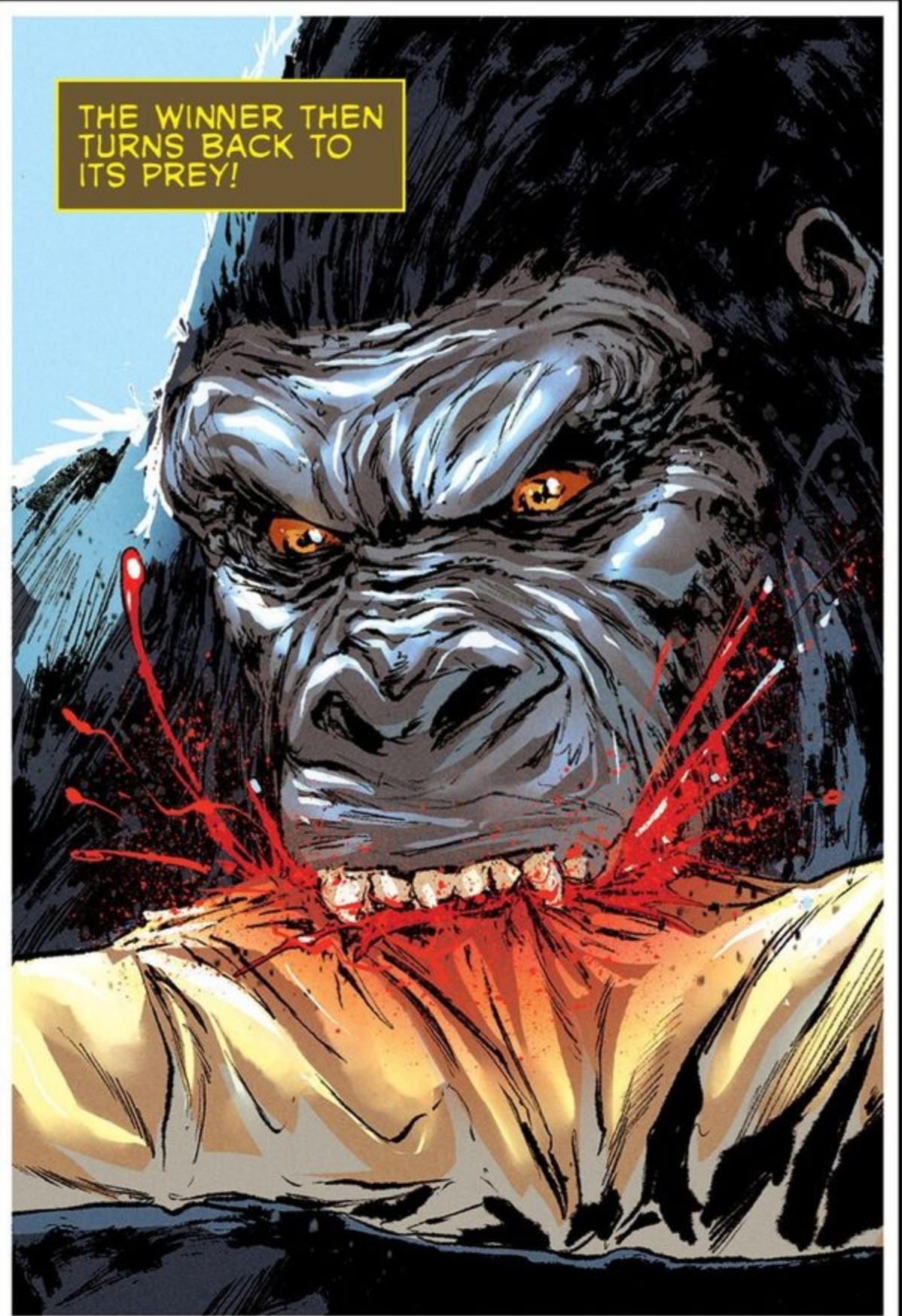
SHUK

THE CREATURE SCREAMS AS ITS WOUND WILL EVENTUALLY LEAD TO ITS DEATH.



THE OTHER TWO POUNCE...

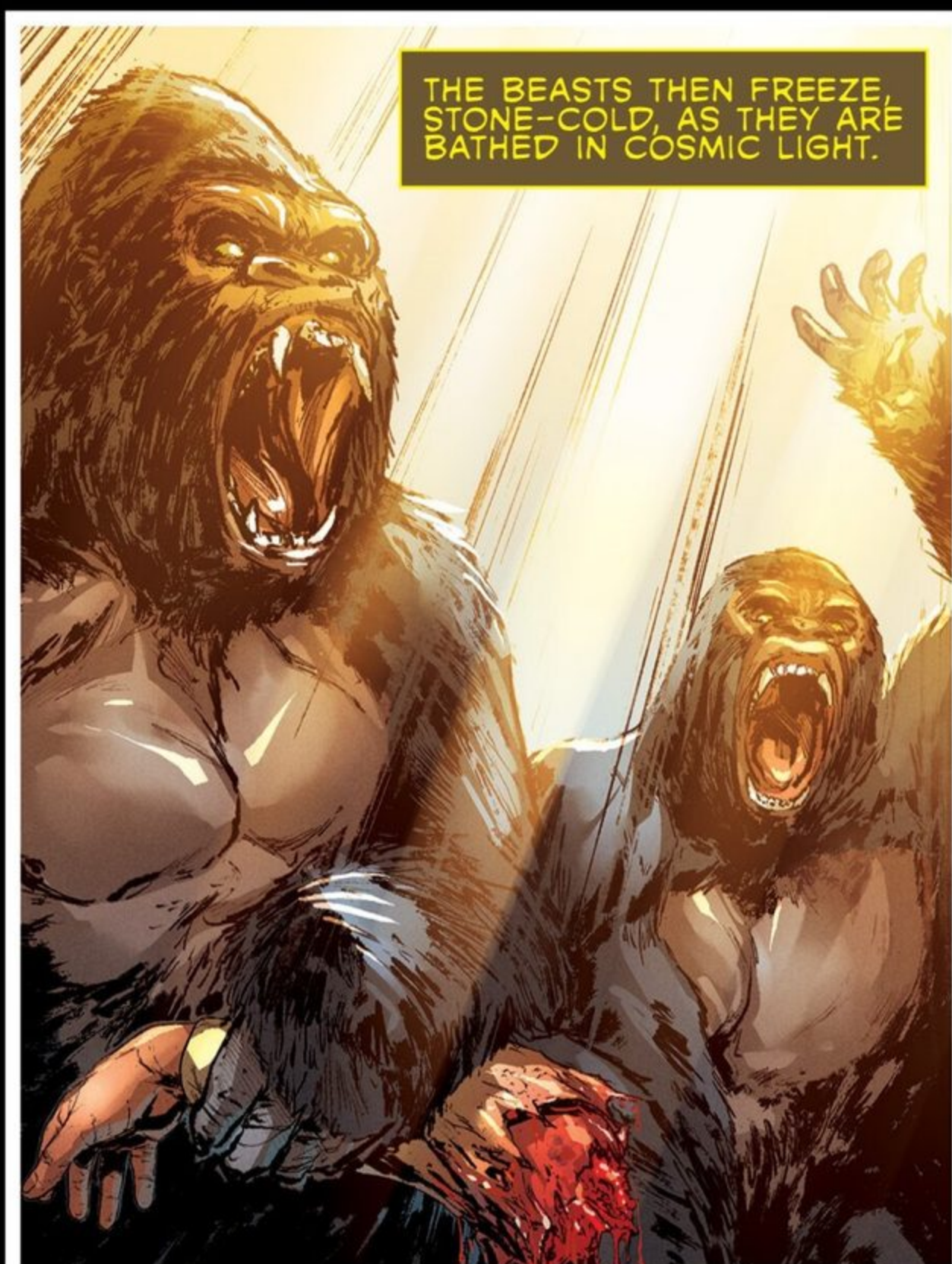
... BUT NOT BEFORE FIGHTING THEMSELVES, TRYING TO ASSERT THEIR "ALPHA" POSITION.



THE WINNER THEN TURNS BACK TO ITS PREY!



RIPPING THE MAN'S
ENTIRE ARM AWAY
FROM HIS BODY!



THE BEASTS THEN FREEZE,
STONE-COLD, AS THEY ARE
BATHED IN COSMIC LIGHT.



AND WHEN **REDEEMER**
UNFREEZES THEM, THEY
INSTINCTUALLY KNOW...



...THEY NEED
TO FLEE!



AS LIFE BEGINS TO DRAIN FROM HIM, LIKE THE BLOOD FLOWING FROM HIS GASH, N'YAMBI BELIEVES HE IS HALLUCINATING. THAT HE'S SEEING AN ANGEL COME TO TAKE HIM TO HIS FINAL RESTING GROUND.



THEN THE ANGEL SAYS SOMETHING STRANGE...



I NEED YOUR HELP.

TO BE CONTINUED



NEED MORE SPAWN'S ? UNIVERSE

DON'T MISS THESE ONGOING TITLES!

SPAWN

KING
SPAWN

THE
SCORCHED

GUNSLINGER



SPAWN #372
JANUARY 2026



KING SPAWN #52
JANUARY 2026



GUNSLINGER #52
JANUARY 2026

SPAWN CROSSOVER *GEIGER*
RECKLESS **EAST OF WEST** **I KILL GIANTS**
THE WALKING DEAD **I HATE FAIRYLAND**
THE DEPARTMENT OF TRUTH *SEX CRIMINALS*
KILLADELPHIA **BATTLE CHASERS**
SAVAGE DRAGON
PRETTY DEADLY **BLACK SCIENCE** THE WICKED + THE DIVINE
MONSTRESS CHEW *SWEET PAPRIKA*
GIDEON FALLS
MOONSTRUCK UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY **SKYWARD** OBLIVION SONG
DESCENDER *PAPER GIRLS* **THE OLD GUARD**
INVINCIBLE WANTED *BITTER ROOT*
STRAY DOGS WHAT'S THE FURTHEST PLACE FROM HERE **SNOTGIRL**
SAGA *KICK-ASS* **WITCHBLADE** *ISOLA*
INKBLOT
GOD COUNTRY
FIRE POWER
HAPPY!
CRIMINAL **DIE**
NOCTERRA
JUPITER'S LEGACY
RADIANT BLACK
DECORUM *BITCH PLANET*
MIDDLEWEST



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